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# STARMAN



SINS OF THE CHILD • Part 1 of 5



ROBINSON  
HARRIS  
VON GRAWBROGER

HARRIS 95

IT'S A GOOD DAY. AT  
LEAST AS IT STARTS.

SPRING IS DYING ITS HAIR  
A ROSY BLONDE AND  
SWAPPING ITS CLOTHES  
FOR LIGHTER AND BRIGHTER.  
SOMETHING IN WHITE  
LINEN, MAYBE.

SOON IT WILL CHANGE ITS  
NAME TO SUMMER, AND  
PUT ON A PAIR OF  
SUNGLASSES.

A GOOD DAY.

AT 10:00 AM.

WHEN EVERYTHING  
SEEMS CLARINET-  
MELLOW AND ICE-  
CREAM VENDOR-  
HAPPY.

AT LEAST FOR  
NOW.

OF COURSE, YOU  
KNOW...

MAN, THAT  
IS ONE TON OF  
WEIGHT OFF MY  
SHOULDERS, I  
TELL YOU.

OH, I'M  
SURE, SON.  
I'M SURE.

...THAT BY 12:00  
IT'S ALLLL GOING  
TO CHANGE.

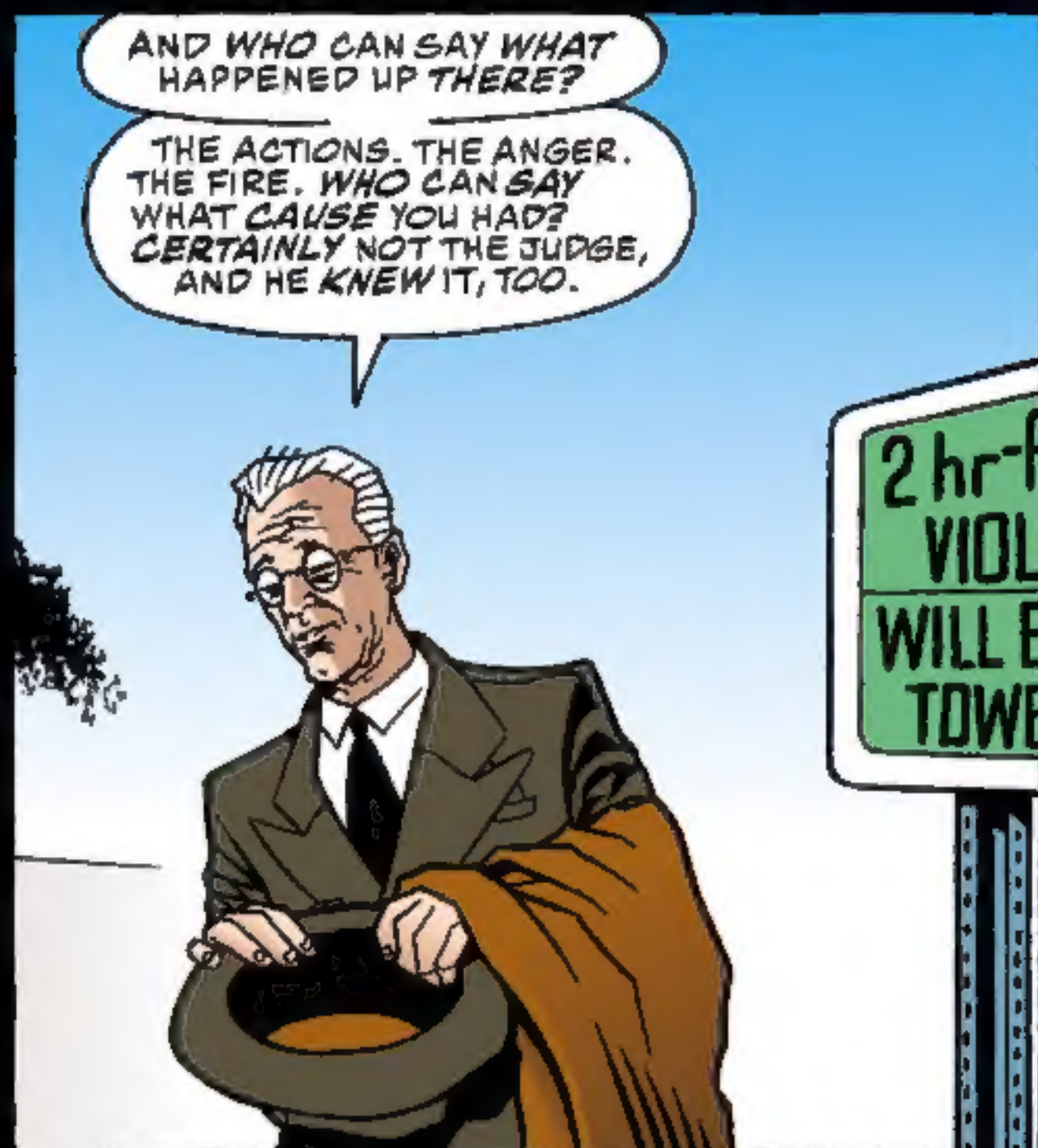
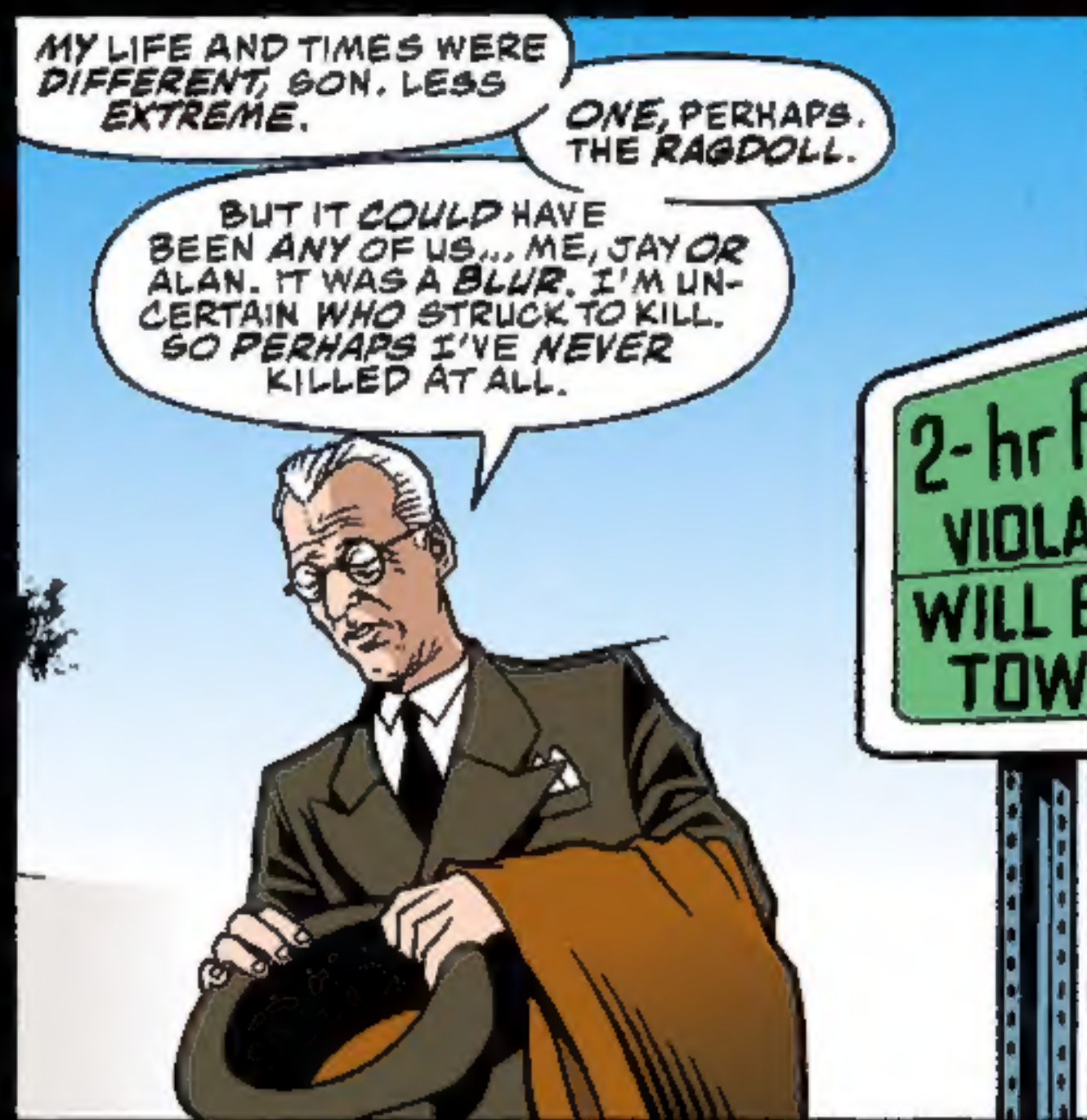
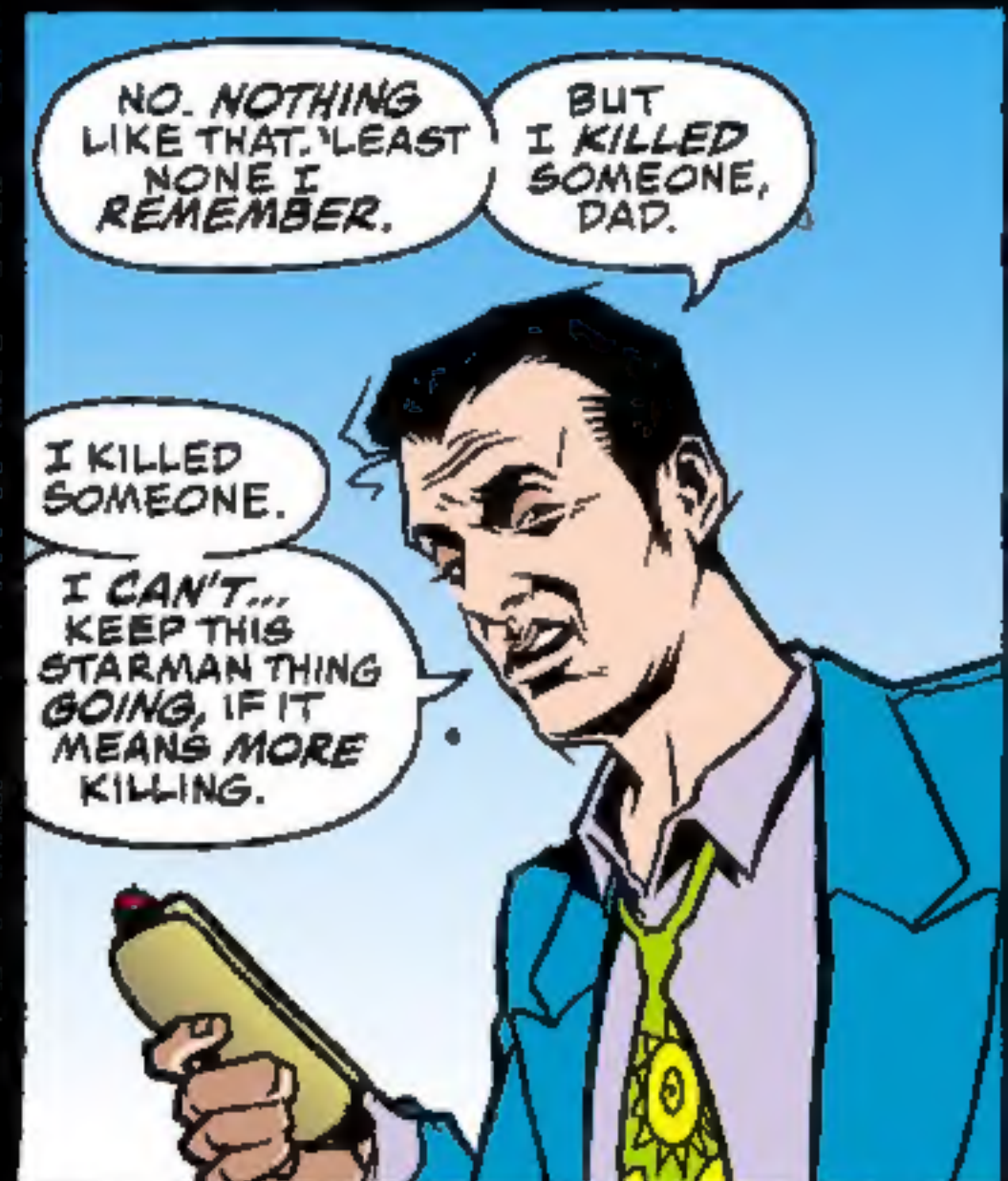
OPAL  
COURT OF LAW

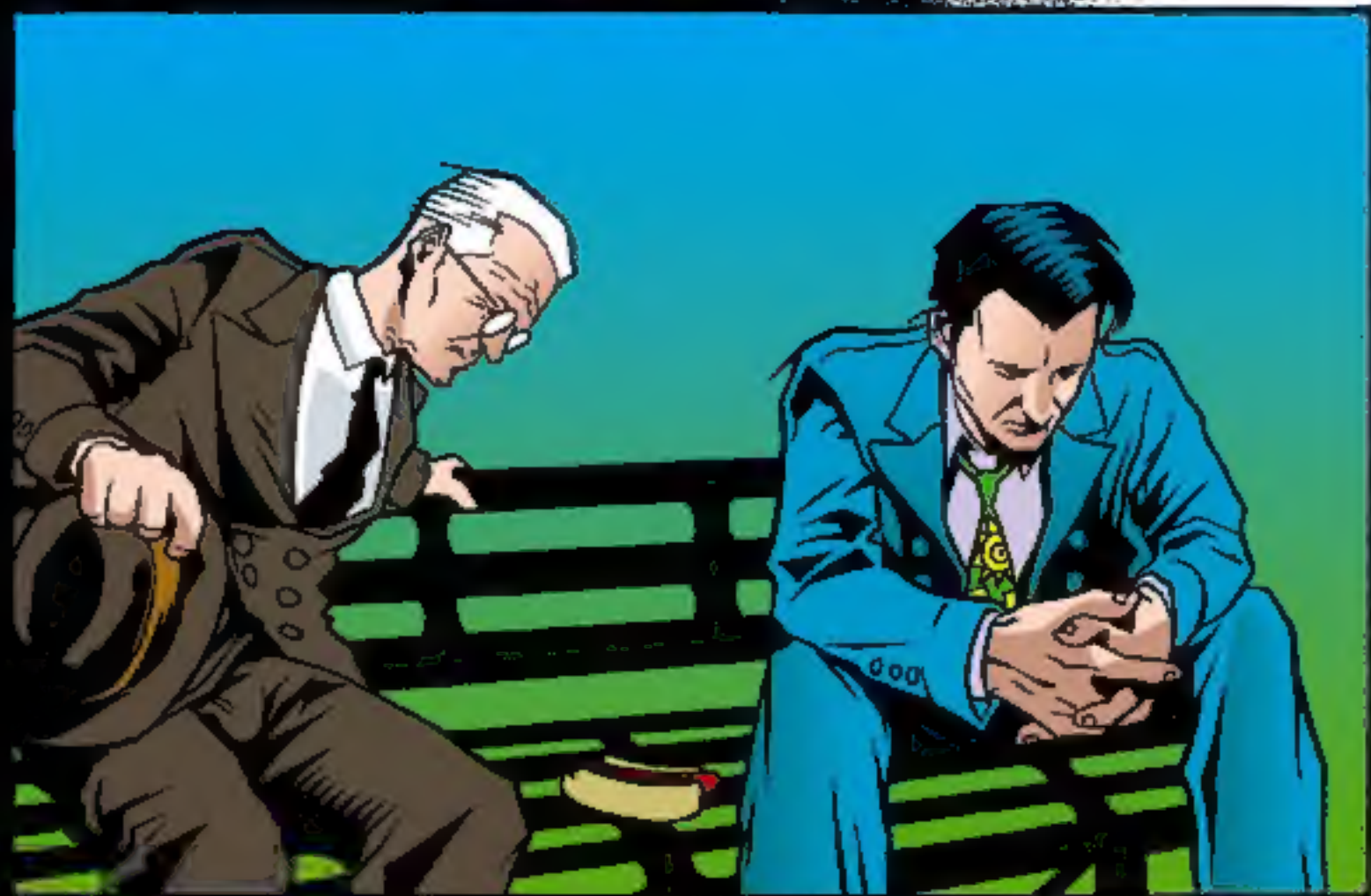
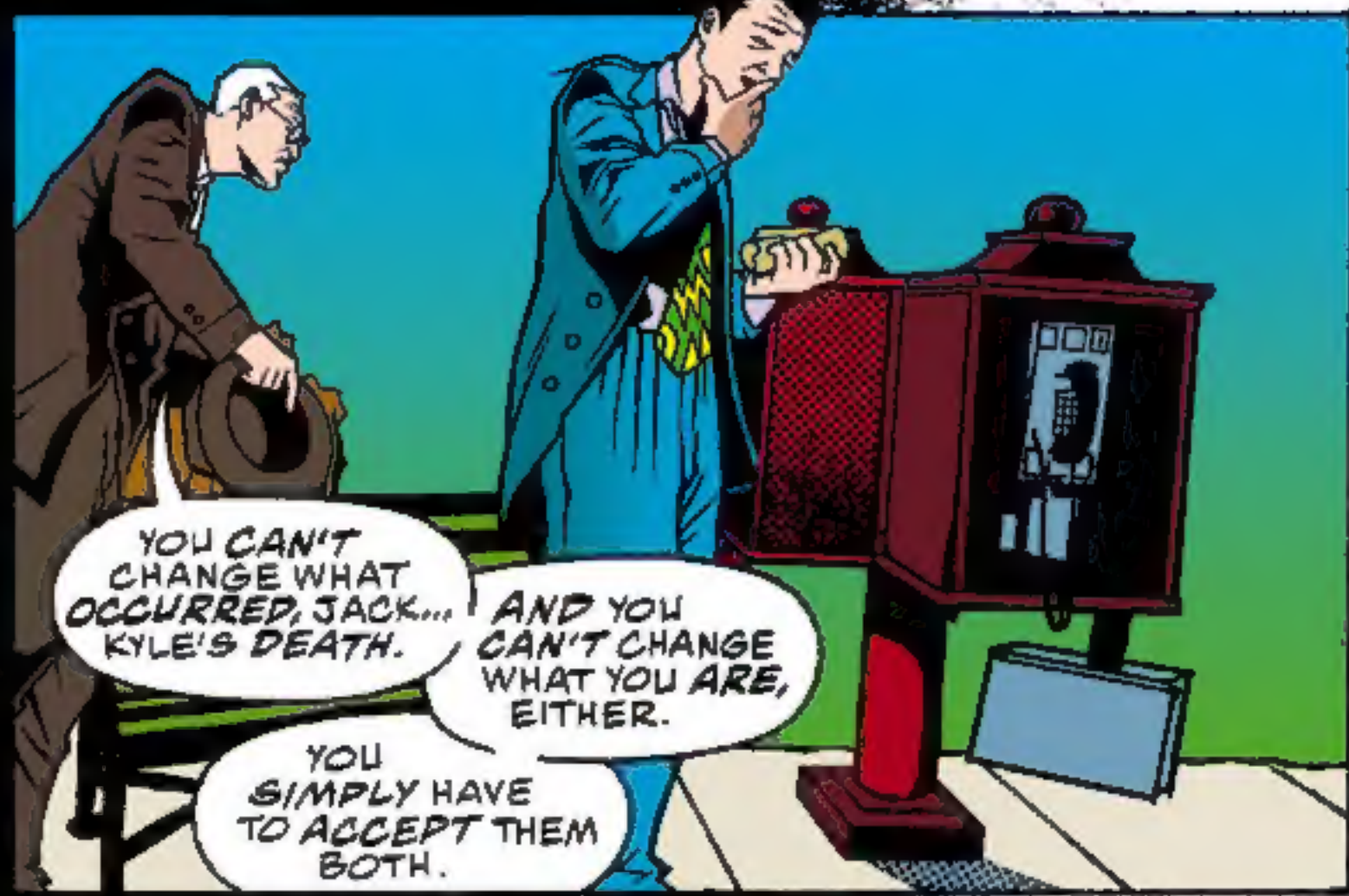
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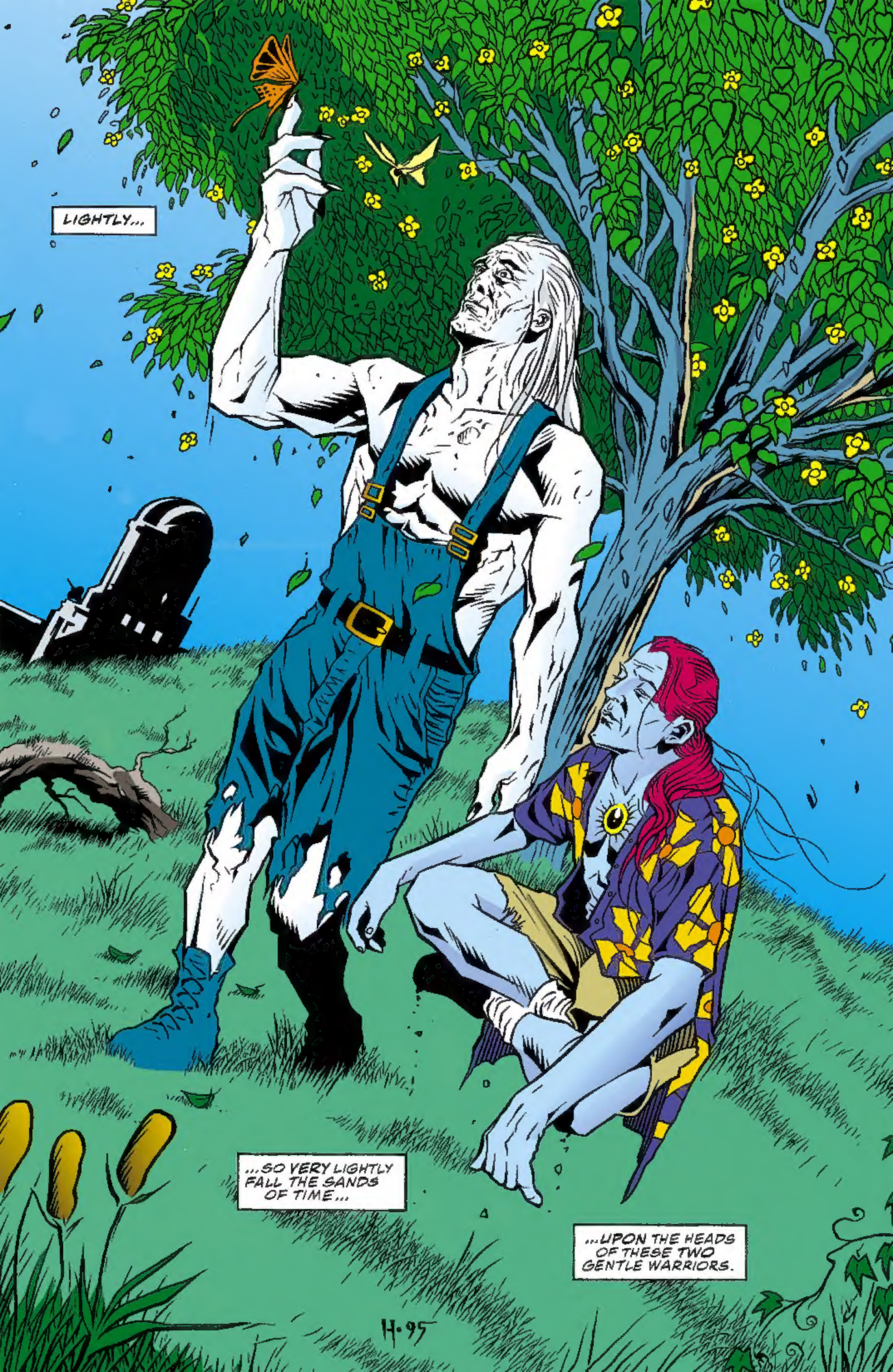


# Jack's Day (the first half) SINS OF THE CHILD - Part One

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LIGHTLY...

...SO VERY LIGHTLY  
FALL THE SANDS  
OF TIME...

...UPON THE HEADS  
OF THESE TWO  
GENTLE WARRIORS.

ONE WHO THINKS OF A  
PAST, STILL TOO  
VAGUE TO BE DIGNIFIED  
BY USING THE TERM.

A PAST LIKE OIL  
ON RAIN-DAMP  
BLACK STONE.

THE OIL AND WATER  
MAKE A SWIRL OF  
RADIANT SILVER-  
COPPER-GLOW-MIXED-  
SEVEN, SEVEN  
COLORS BRIGHT.

NOTHING HE  
CAN TOUCH.  
OR DEFINE.

BUT THE SADNESS  
WILL GO, ONE DAY.

HE HOPES.

AND THE  
OTHER.

HE THINKS NOT OF  
PAST OR FUTURE.

NO.

MERELY THE  
PRETTIES THAT  
FLY ABOUT.

10:45. A.M.

OH YEAH  
4:17:30

YEAH.  
GRUNDY  
AGREE.

11:09 A.M. ARRIVES  
AT THE HOME OF  
CARDIFF MAYHUGH...

...AND A LAST  
BUBBLING  
GASP.

...WITH A FLUTTER  
OF SEAGULLS  
WINGS...

MURDER ONE.

BUT NASH  
HASN'T  
FOUND  
WHAT SHE  
SEEKS.

HOLLYWOOD  
GOTHIC

DAVID J. SKAL

INVERTEBRATE  
PALAEONTOLOGY  
AND EVOLUTION

MECHANICAL  
ENGINEERS

SIMPLE  
MACHINES  
COMBUSTION

TIME  
SPACE  
CONTINUUM

AN ADVENTURE  
IN TIME

H. MASTERS

QUANTUM  
PHYSICS

SO DO YOU WANT TO TALK MORE ABOUT THINGS, JACK?

KYLE'S DEATH?

NO. NOT NOW ANYWAY, DAD. LATER, MAYBE. IF I NEED TO.

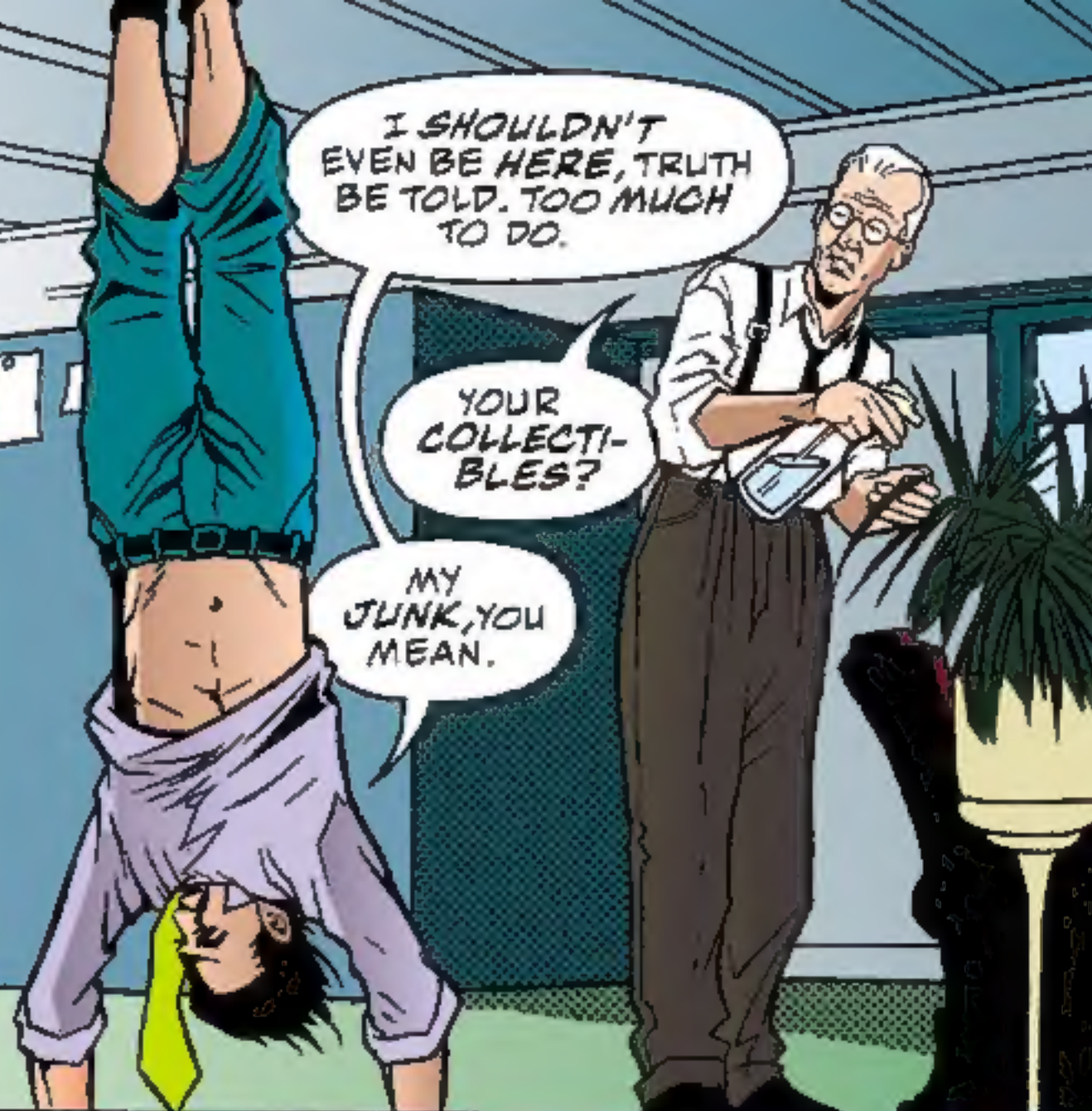
WELL, YOU KNOW WHERE I AM.



I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE, TRUTH BE TOLD. TOO MUCH TO DO.

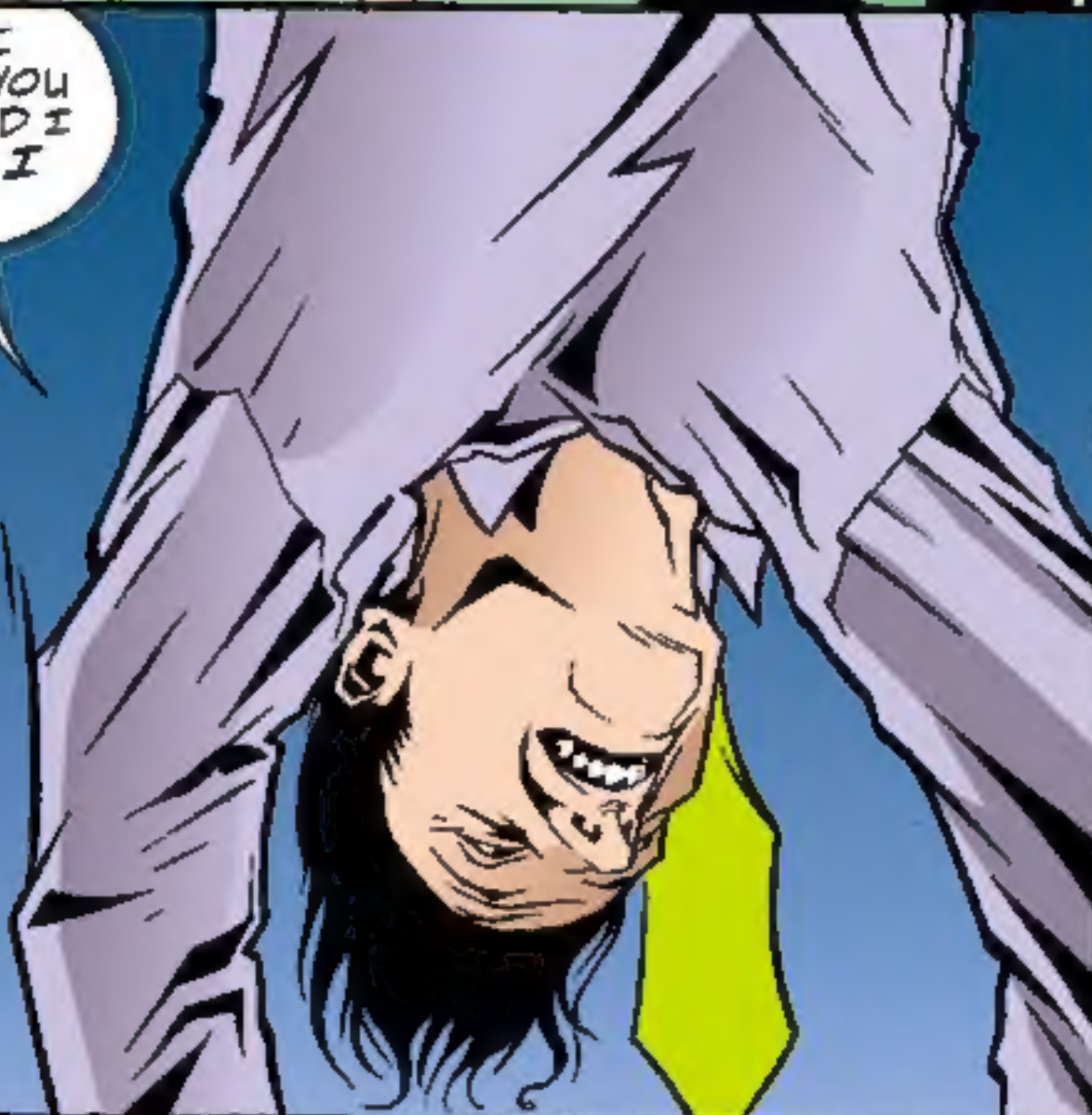
YOUR COLLECTIBLES?

MY JUNK, YOU MEAN.



I USED THE TERM COLLECTIBLES. YOU USED THE TERM JUNK.

YEAH, I GUESS YOU DID. AND I GUESS I DID.



DO YOU KNOW WHO SAARINEN WAS? THE FURNITURE DESIGNER?

EERO SAARINEN. YES, I THINK I HAD DINNER WITH HIM ONCE. YOUR MOTHER KNEW HIM. SHE WAS ALWAYS VERY INTERESTED IN DESIGN.

MOM AND YOU KNEW SAARINEN? NO WAY! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME SOONER?

OH, IS THAT ONE OF THOSE FATHER-SON TALKS I FORGOT TO GIVE YOU? "SIT DOWN, SON, I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU. YOUR MOTHER AND I HAD LINGUINI WITH EERO." LIKE THAT?





NO, BUT--

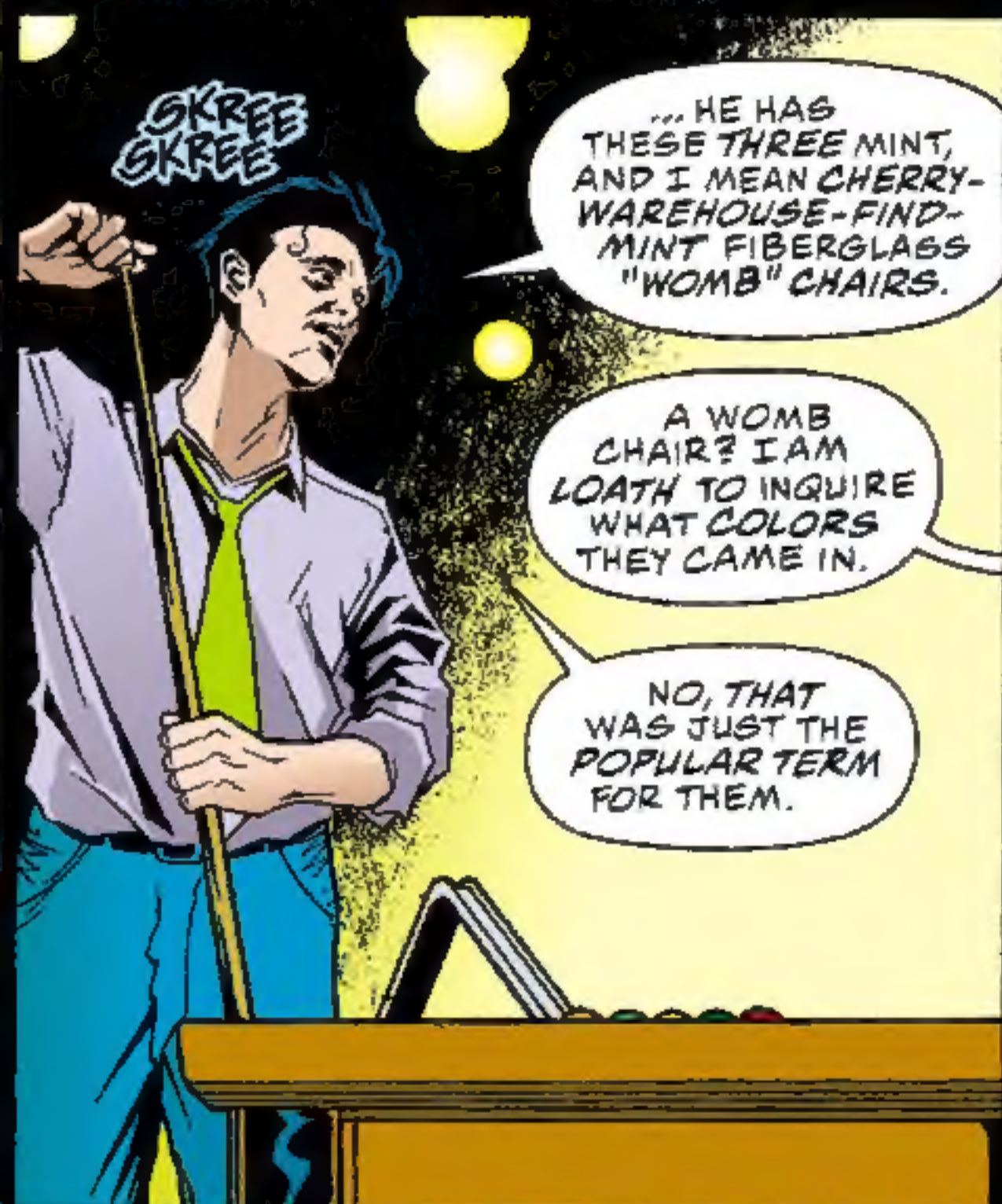
THINGS IN MY PAST. SO MANY THINGS. I DON'T THINK HALF OF IT IS GOING TO BE OF ANY INTEREST TO YOU.



ANYWAY, WHAT IS IT ABOUT EERO THAT CONCERNS YOU TODAY?

THERE'S THIS GUY. JAKE LOWELL. I DEAL WITH HIM FROM TIME TO TIME, BUT I'M NONE TOO FOND OF HIM NOR IS HE OF ME, FOR THAT MATTER.

HOWEVER...

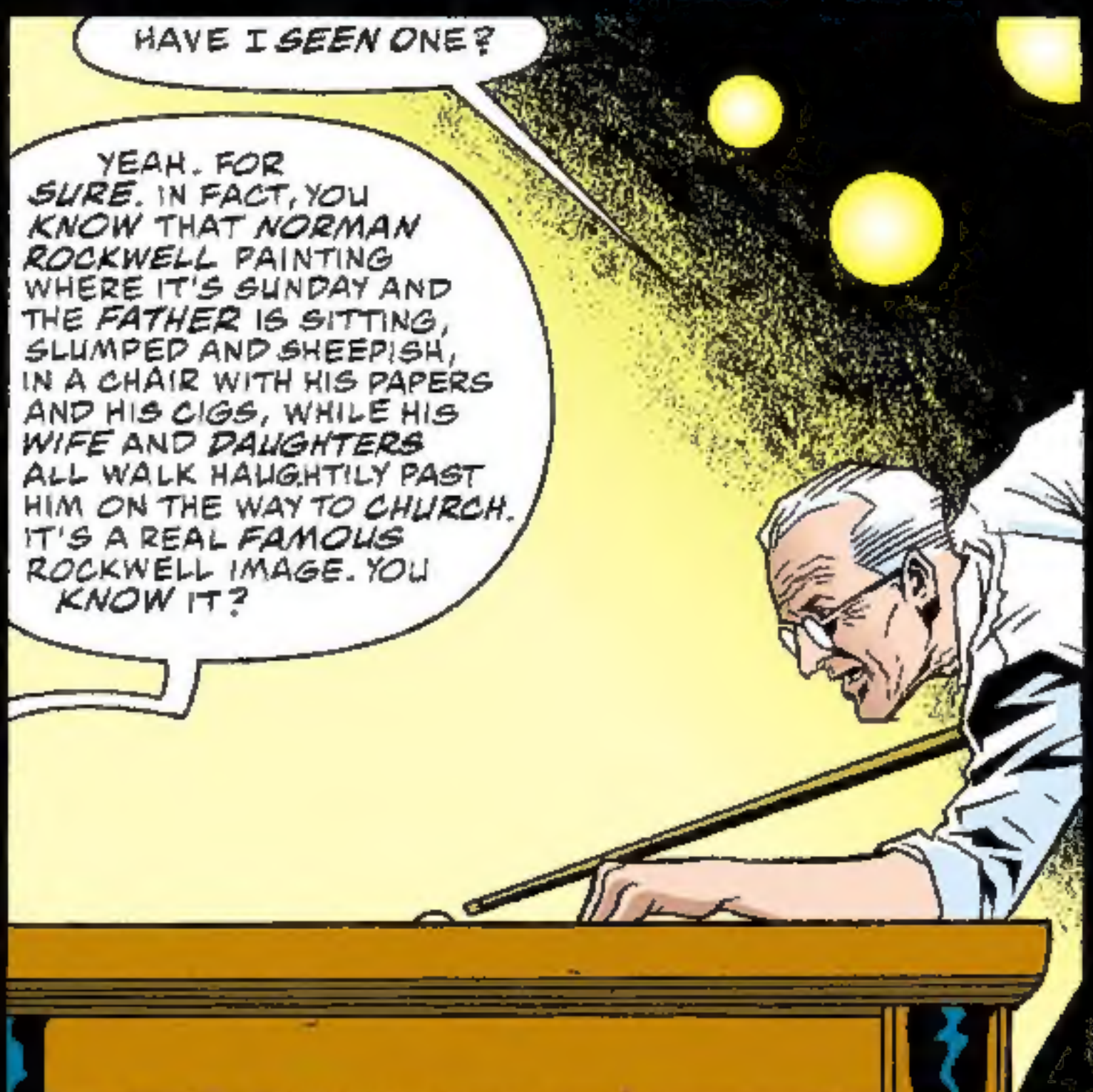


SKREE SKREE

... HE HAS THESE THREE MINT, AND I MEAN CHERRY-WAREHOUSE-FIND-MINT FIBERGLASS "WOMB" CHAIRS.

A WOMB CHAIR? I AM LOATH TO INQUIRE WHAT COLORS THEY CAME IN.

NO, THAT WAS JUST THE POPULAR TERM FOR THEM.



HAVE I SEEN ONE?

YEAH. FOR SURE. IN FACT, YOU KNOW THAT NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING WHERE IT'S SUNDAY AND THE FATHER IS SITTING, SLUMPED AND SHEEPISH, IN A CHAIR WITH HIS PAPERS AND HIS CIGS, WHILE HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS ALL WALK HAUGHTILY PAST HIM ON THE WAY TO CHURCH. IT'S A REAL FAMOUS ROCKWELL IMAGE. YOU KNOW IT?




I THINK I... YES... IT WAS A POST COVER?

I GUESS. I'VE ONLY SEEN IT IN BOOKS.

ANYWAY, THE CHAIR THE FATHER IS SITTING IN IS AN EERO SAARINEN "WOMB" CHAIR.



BUT THERE'S THIS OTHER DEALER. MAXIE MARTIN, WHO I GUESS IS MY ARCH-ENEMY IN DEALING AND COLLECTING.



HE'S TRYING TO  
BUY THE CHAIRS OUT  
FROM UNDER ME, EVEN  
THOUGH ME AND JAKE  
LOWELL HAVE AN AGREE-  
MENT ON THIS PARTICULAR  
THING. I TOLD JAKE I'D  
BE AT HIS PLACE WITHIN  
THE HOUR, AND I KNOW  
MAXIE'S SLINKING OVER  
THERE LATER IN  
THE PM.

I SHOULDN'T  
BE SHOOTING POOL  
WITH YOU.

I'VE GOT TO  
HUSTLE, OR MAXIE WILL  
PIP ME. PLUS JAKE HAS  
SOME EDSSEL PARTS AND  
LOG BOOKS AND LITERATURE  
THAT I KNOW IF I GET, I  
CAN TRADE TO AN EDSSEL  
COLLECTOR FOR FIVE  
DISNEY CELLS HE GOT  
FROM HEAVEN KNOWS  
WHERE.

YOU  
SEE?

I SEE THAT YOUR LIFE  
IS AS COMPLICATED AS MY  
SCIENCE. THIS MAXIE CHAR-  
ACTER, YOU SAY HE'S YOUR  
ARCHENEMY?

FOR BUYING  
AND DEALING  
AND THAT SORT  
OF THING.

HOW PLEASANT IT MUST BE, TO HAVE AN  
ARCHFOE WHOSE PRIMARY GOAL IS GETTING  
TO BARGAINS BEFORE YOU, INSTEAD OF ONE  
WHO WANTS TO SEE YOU DEAD.

WELL, I'M  
SURE IF MAXIE  
GOT THE CHANCE,  
HE'D--

JACK.

YEAH,  
DAD?

WHERE  
HAVE MICHAEL  
AND GRUNDY  
GONE?

11:34  
A.M.

I APPRECIATE IT, CLARENCE. YES, NOTIFY ANYONE YOU FEEL MIGHT BE OF HELP. BUT PLEASE BE DISCREET. MICHAEL AND GRUNDY...THEIR APPEARANCES ALONE MAKES THEM AN... INCIDENT... WAITING TO HAPPEN.

YES, AND GIVE MY REGARDS TO YOUR BROTHERS AND HOPE.

CLARENCE?

O'DARE, THE OLDEST, THE MOST LEVEL-HEADED.

WHATEVER. I GET ALL THOSE CARROT TOPS MIXED UP, ANYWAY.

LISTEN, DAD, I THINK YOU SHOULD STAY HERE FOR A WHILE. WAIT FOR WORD.

ME, I'LL DO THE HERO THING. TAKE TO THE SKIES. EVEN THOUGH IT ISN'T NIGHT.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

12:10.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL YOU AT TWO. THERE'S ONE PLACE OUTSIDE OF TOWN THEY MIGHT BE. I'LL GO THERE, THEN COME BACK TO KEEP SEARCHING IF THERE'S BEEN NO WORD.

TWO O'CLOCK, JACK. I'LL BE AWAITING YOUR CALL.

12:44 P.M.

BILL DELANEY, RETIRED PATHOLOGIST.

MURDER THREE

YET NASH AGAIN FAILS TO FIND THE THING SHE SEEKS.

I HAD  
HOPED.

HOPED THAT IT MIGHT  
BE SOME SIMPLE THING.

MIKAAL HAD MISSED  
FREAK TOWN... HIS  
FRIENDS THERE.

APPARENTLY  
NOT.

MAN, START SAVING  
LIVES, YOU START  
TAKING ON  
RESPONSIBILITIES.

AHH, N'MANOMAN,  
I BLEW THE WOMB  
CHAIRS, TOO. THAT  
FAT GEEK MAXIE  
HAS 'EM PRICED  
FOR RESALE BY  
NOW, I BET

1:58 P.M. CLOSE  
ENOUGH. I SHOULD  
CALL IN WITH DAD.  
HOPE HE'S HAD  
WORD FROM--

OH, MY.

AND THERE WILL BE  
THE SIGHT THIS DAY.

INCLUDING THOSE  
LYING IN WAIT.

THERE WILL BE SOME  
SIGHTS THAT WILL STAY  
WITH JACK FOREVER.  
ONE WILL BE THE BIRTH  
OF A DAUGHTER, HIS  
SECOND CHILD, MANY  
YEARS HENCE. ANOTHER  
WILL BE A GIFT THAT  
DAVID, HIS BROTHER,  
BRINGS FROM BEYOND  
THE GRAVE. A THIRD WILL  
BE THE VIEW OF THE  
SUN FROM SPACE, AS IT  
RISES FROM BEHIND  
CALLISTO, JUPITER'S  
LARGEST MOON.

SOMETHING THAT TO  
JACK WILL APPEAR  
SO... MAGICAL... THAT  
ALL ELSE AROUND HIM  
WILL GO UNNOTICED.

DA--

I SHOULD.

SHOULD.

SHOULD.

SHOULD BE  
WORRIED.

I THINK SOME-  
THING BAD  
HAPPENED.

BUT.

DREAMING SO  
SWEET. FEELS--

THINGS FLOAT. I FLOAT.  
VISIONS. AND THE LIKE.  
THOUGHTS AND ME ARE  
ON A SHINERS' BACK ROAD.

FEW THOUGHTS.

JULIE NEWMAR IN MACKENNA'S  
GOLD. HER UNDERWATER NUDE  
SCENE. FOR SOME REASON, AT  
THIS MOMENT, THAT'S REALLY  
IMPORTANT TO ME.

COFFEE AT  
THE CULP  
HOTEL, IN  
DOWNTOWN  
OPAL.

HOAGY CARMICHAEL.  
WHY NO ONE SINGS A  
HOAGY SONG AS GOOD  
AS HOAGY...

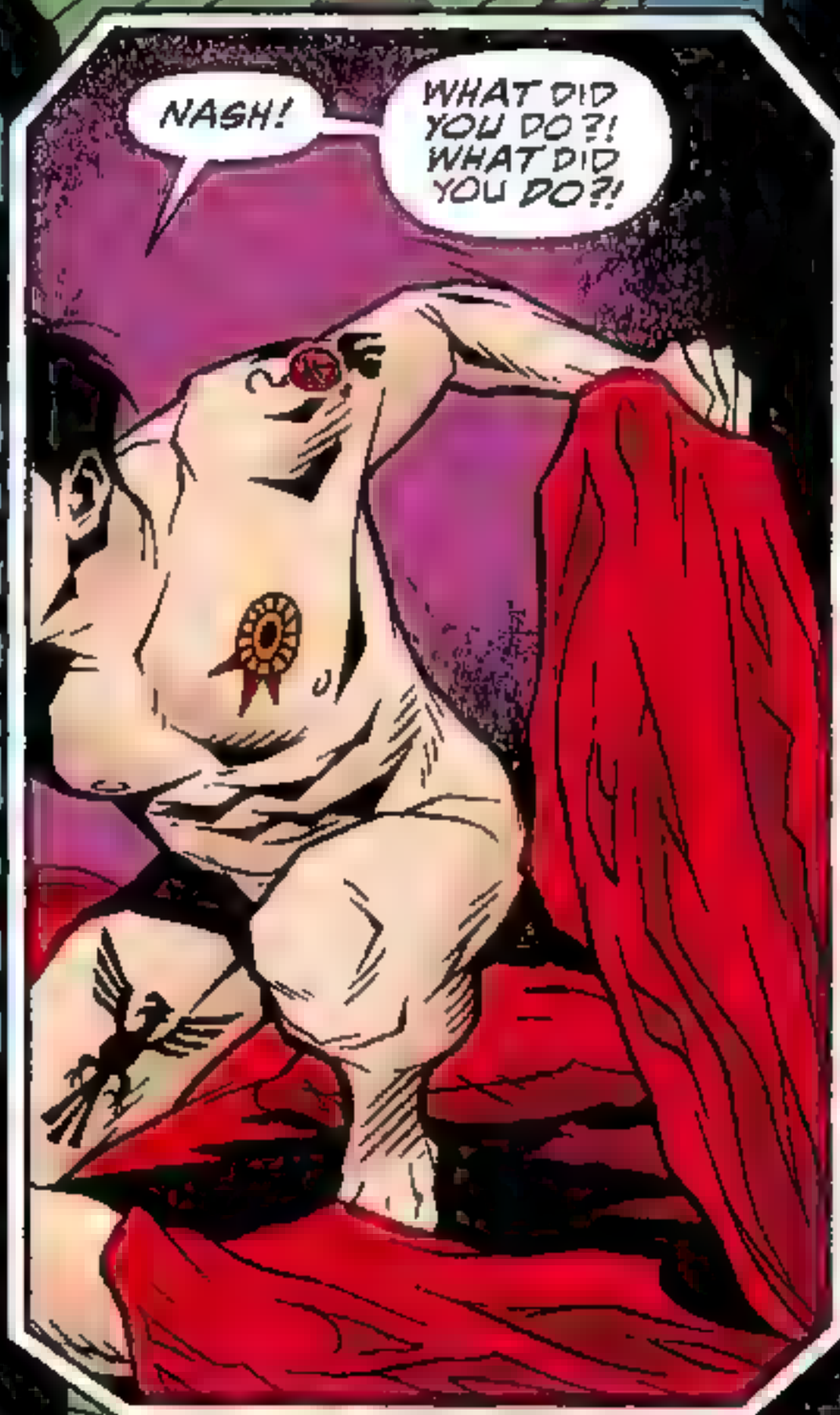
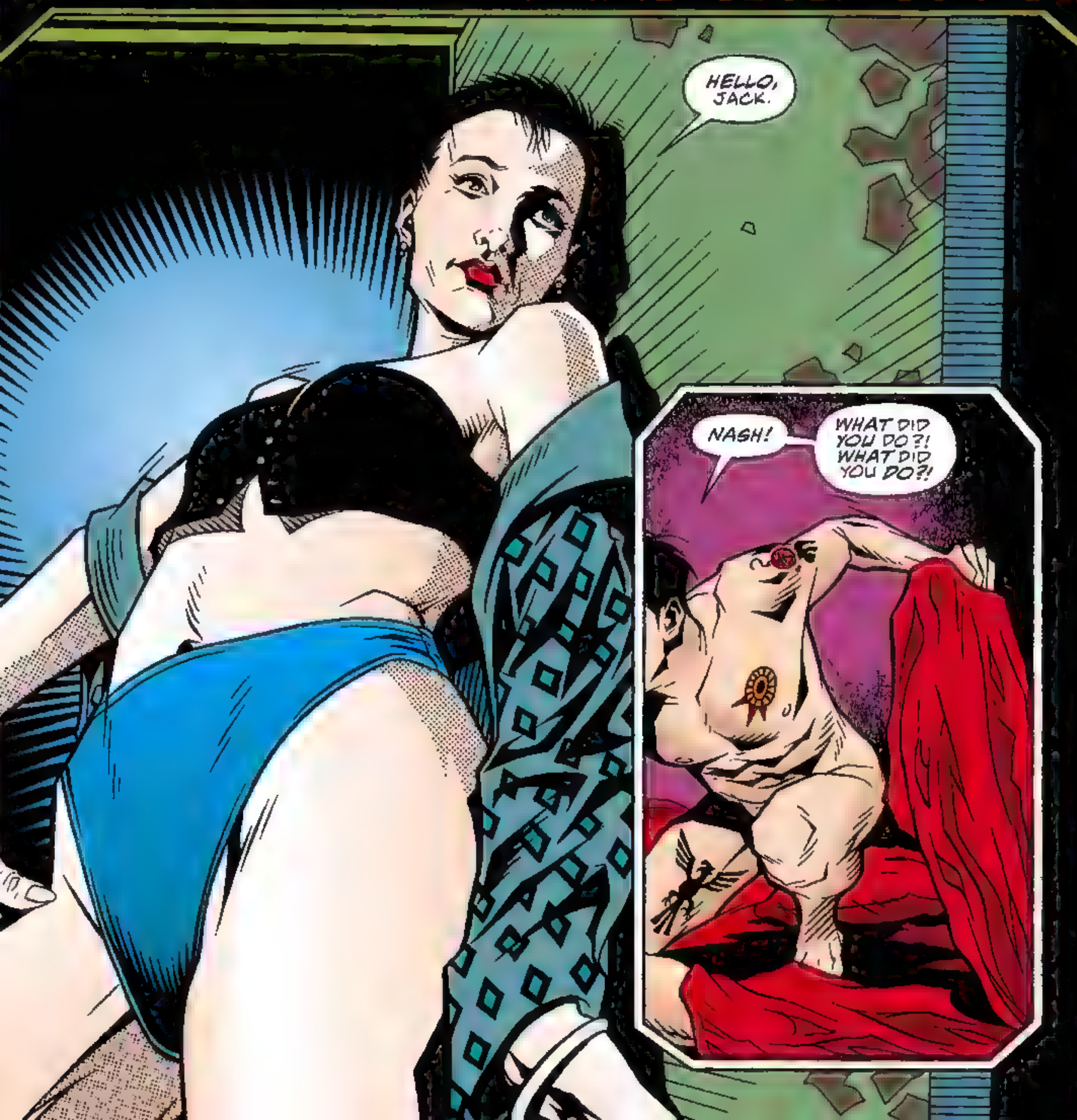
...NOT EVEN  
RAY CHARLES.

PERFUME. ALL I CAN  
SMELL. IN MY NOSE.  
MOUTH. I'M DROWNING  
IN THE SCENT.  
FAMILIAR BUT I CAN'T--

AND I FEEL SICK  
IN A GOOD WAY.  
MAYBE GOOD IN  
A SICK WAY, TOO.

WHY AM I  
SO TIRED,  
WHEN I'VE  
BEEN  
SLEEPING?

WHY  
AM





IT'S NOT WHAT I DID THAT'S IMPORTANT, JACK. NOT NOW.

WHAT MATTERS IS YOU. WHAT YOU DO.

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GOING TO SEE.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? WHERE ARE WE? DID YOU KIDNAP THE BLUE GUY AND THE BIG GUY?

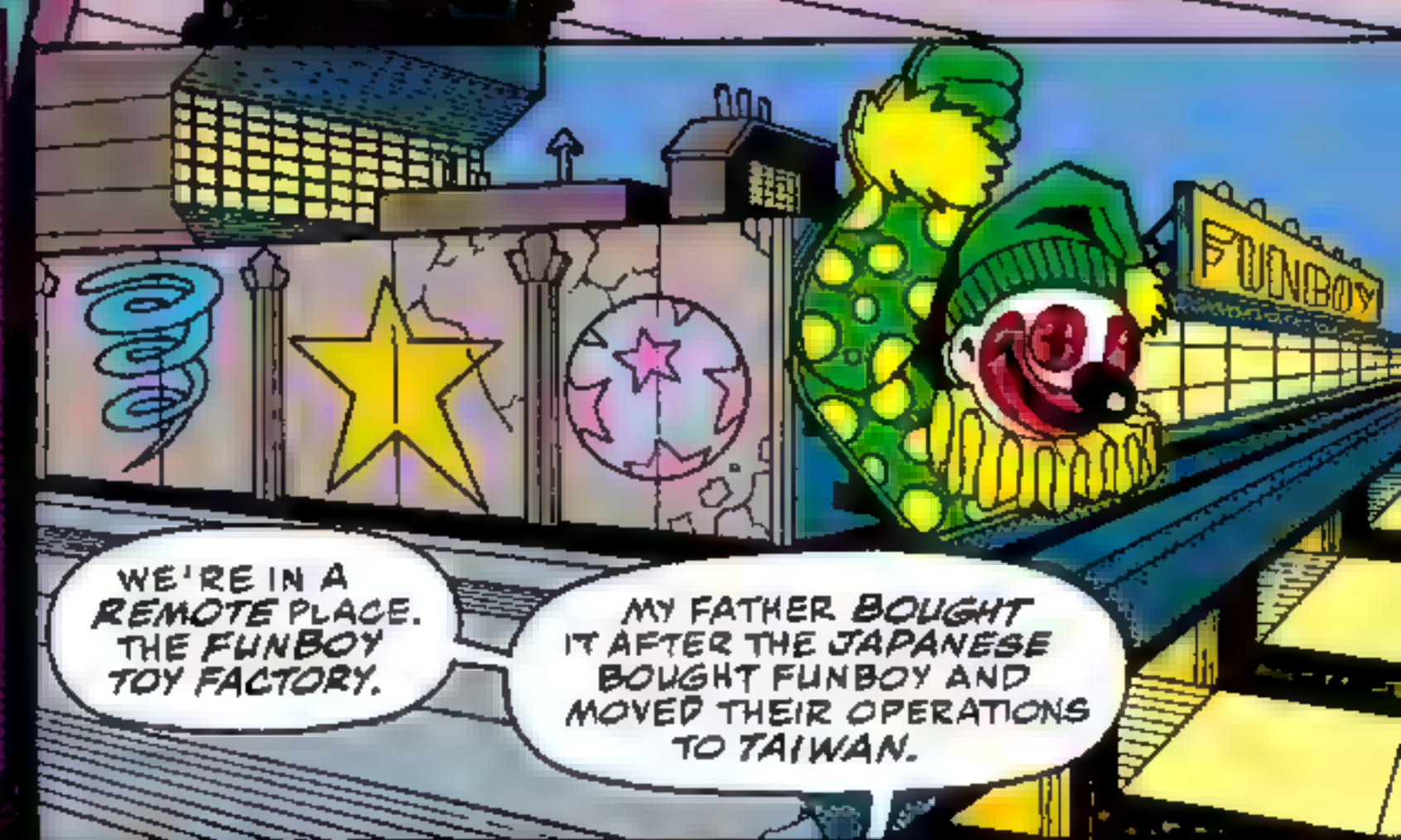
MICHAEL AND GRUNDY?

YES, I HAVE THEM IN ANOTHER LOCATION. SAFE AND SOUND.



I WANT TO SEE IF YOU HAVE IT. THE STUFF. I WANT TO SEE IF YOU'RE STARMAN, OR IF THE MURDER OF MY BROTHER, AND YOUR MEAGER SUCCESSSES TO DATE, WERE LUCK.

I THINK THE LATTER, BUT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER.



WE'RE IN A REMOTE PLACE. THE FUNBOY TOY FACTORY.

MY FATHER BOUGHT IT AFTER THE JAPANESE BOUGHT FUNBOY AND MOVED THEIR OPERATIONS TO TAIWAN.



I'VE SEALED ALL THE WINDOWS AND DOORS, APART FROM THOSE THAT I WANT YOU TO ENTER.

SO I'M RUNNING A MAZE, OF YOUR MAKING?

MORE THAN A MAZE. A GAUNTLET.

I HAVE A VARIETY OF AIDES. THEY, IN TURN, HAVE A VARIETY OF TALENTS.

YOU HAVE TO GET PAST THEM.





AND MY CLOTHING?

SOME WOULD ARGUE THAT CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN. WITH THAT IN MIND, YOUR CLOTHES ARE SCATTERED ALONG THE WAY. THE FINAL THING YOU'LL FIND... A SIGN THAT YOU'VE SUCCEEDED, IS YOUR COSMIC STAFF.

YOU GET TO THAT, AND I'LL BEGIN TO BELIEVE YOU MIGHT BE THE HERO THIS DELUDED BURG THINKS YOU ARE.

SO WHY SHOULD I PLAY BALL?

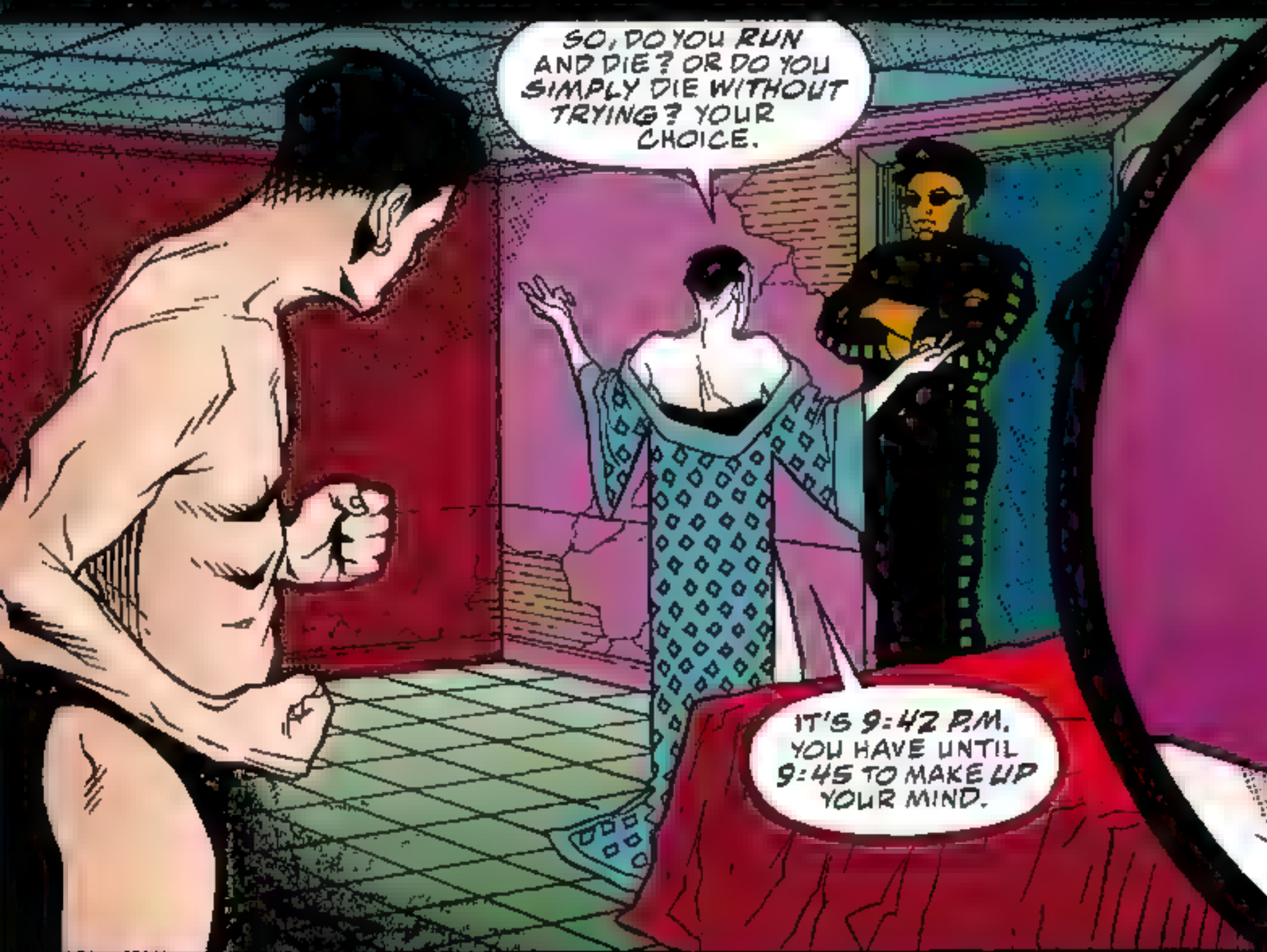
YOU LIKE BEING NUDE?

DO YOU LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING BEATEN NUDE? AND THEN KILLED? LIKE AN ANIMAL? MY FATHER ALSO BOUGHT A PET FOOD FACTORY, SO YOUR FATHER WON'T EVEN GET YOUR BODY TO BURY.

YOU LIKE THAT IDEA?

YOU'RE A SICK LITTLE MINX, AREN'T YOU?

I'M MORE THAN THAT, JACK. YOU CALLED ME NASH EARLIER. WELL, NO MORE. I'M MIST. THAT'S MY NAME NOW. THE ONLY NAME I'LL ANSWER TO.

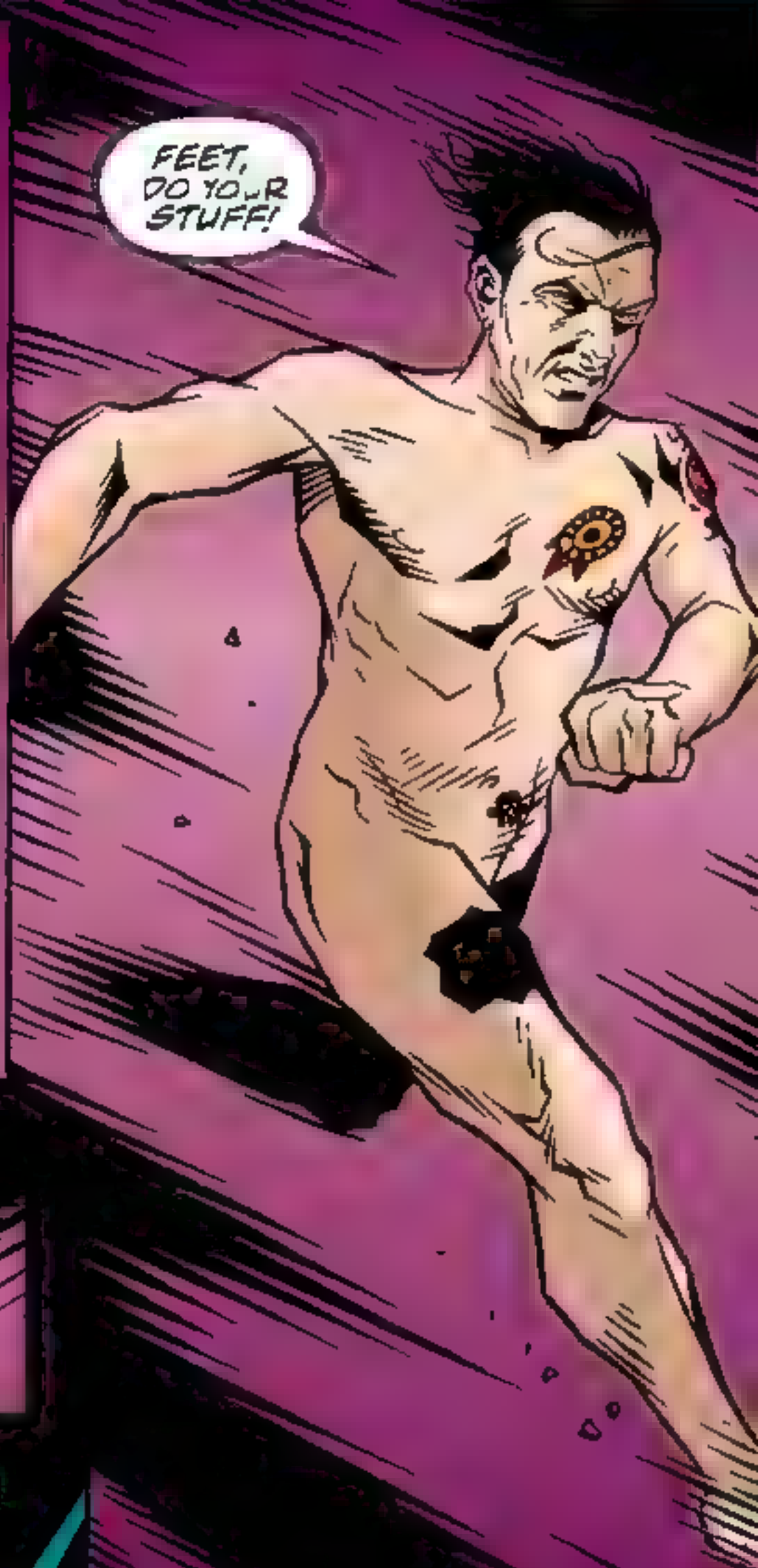
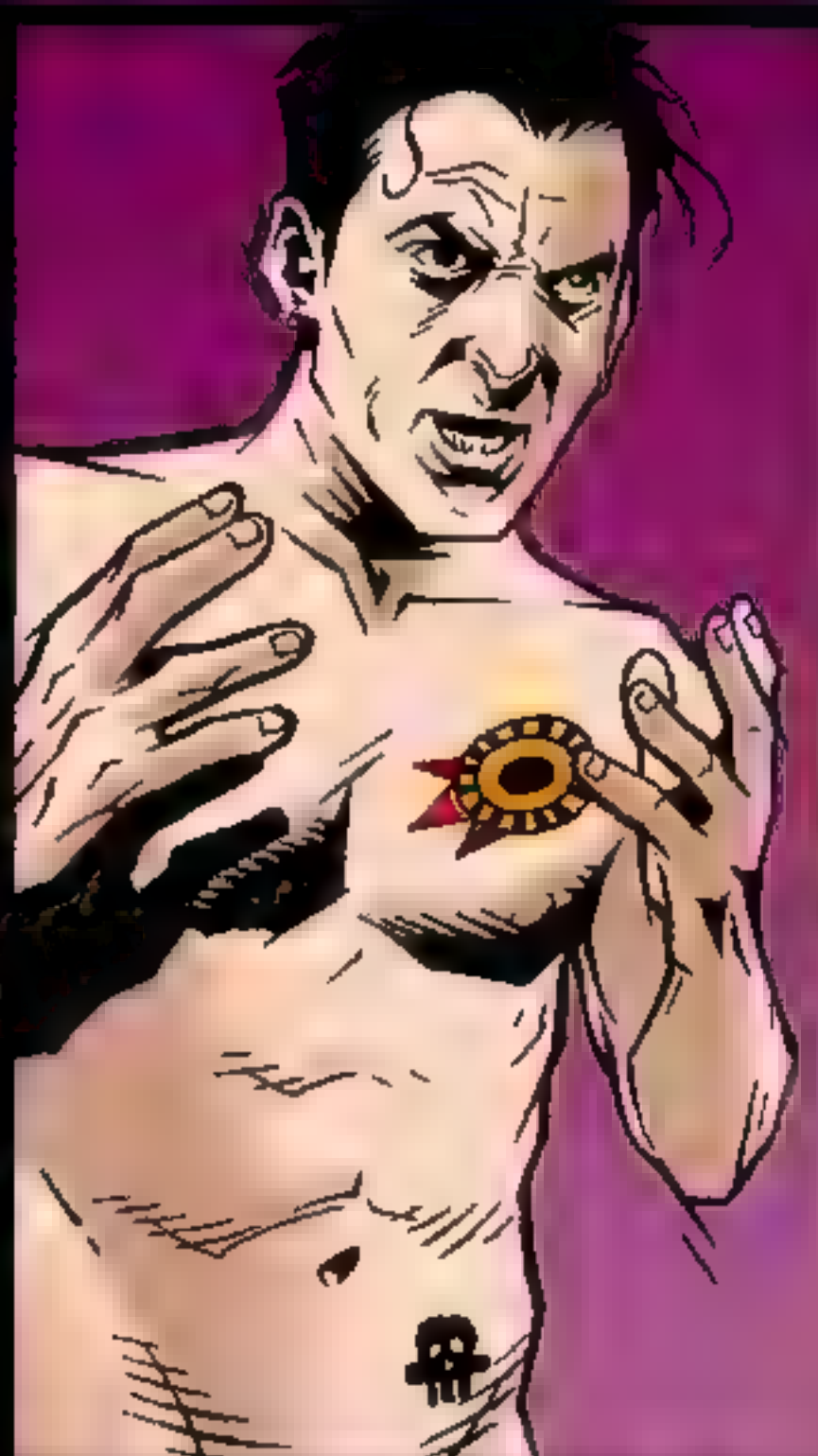
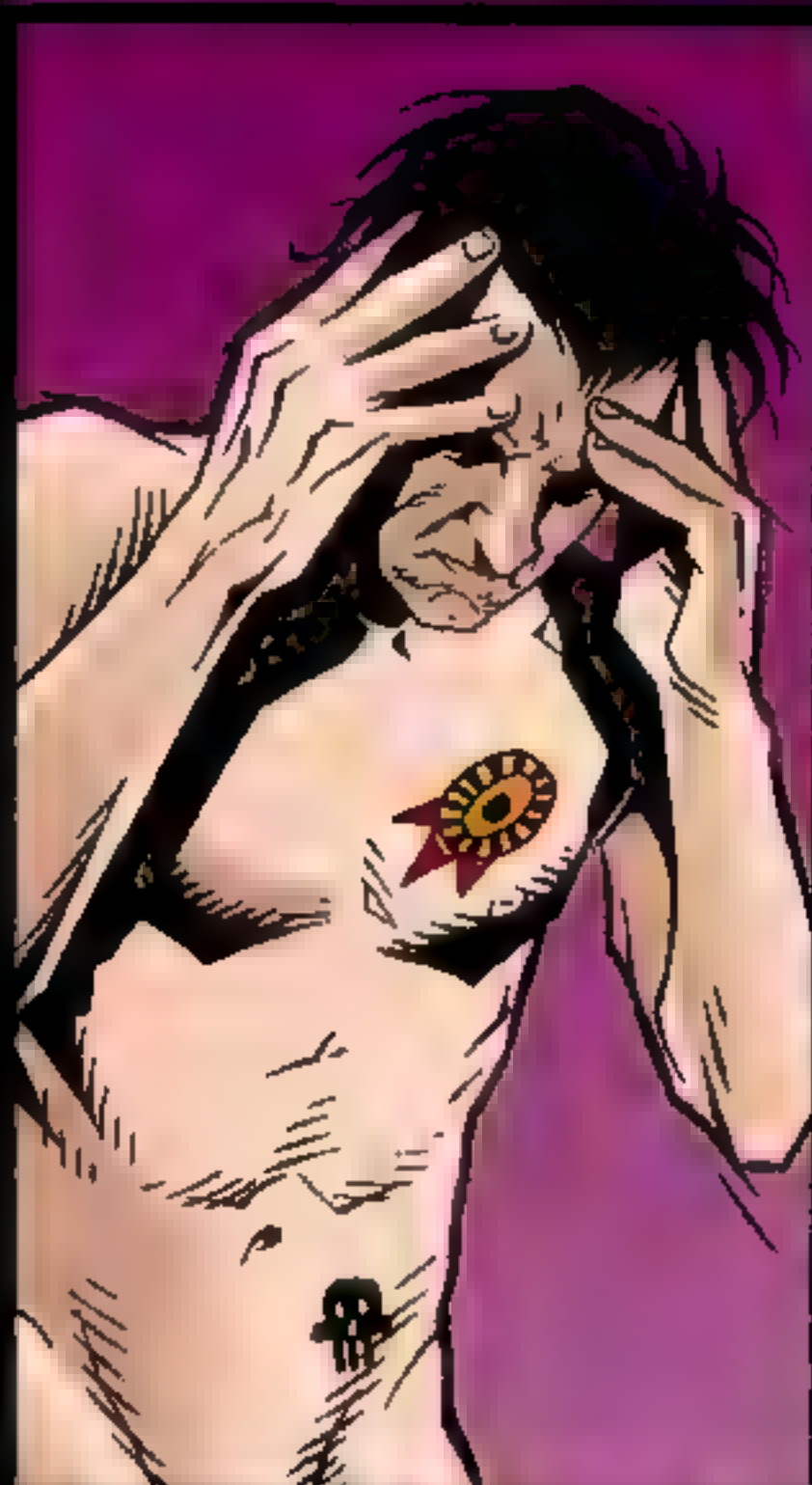


SO, DO YOU RUN AND DIE? OR DO YOU SIMPLY DIE WITHOUT TRYING? YOUR CHOICE.

IT'S 9:42 P.M. YOU HAVE UNTIL 9:45 TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND.

WELL, JACK, WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?



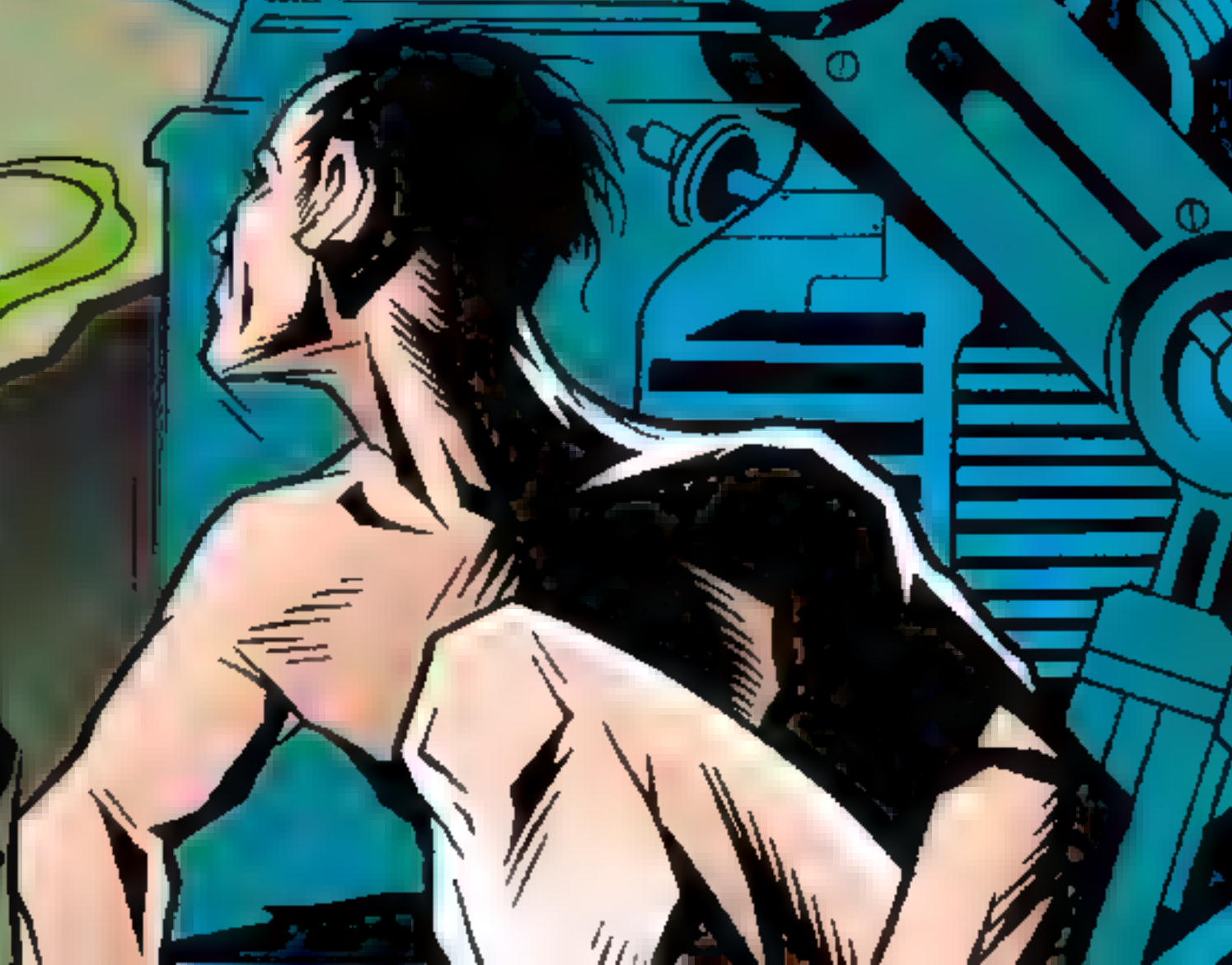


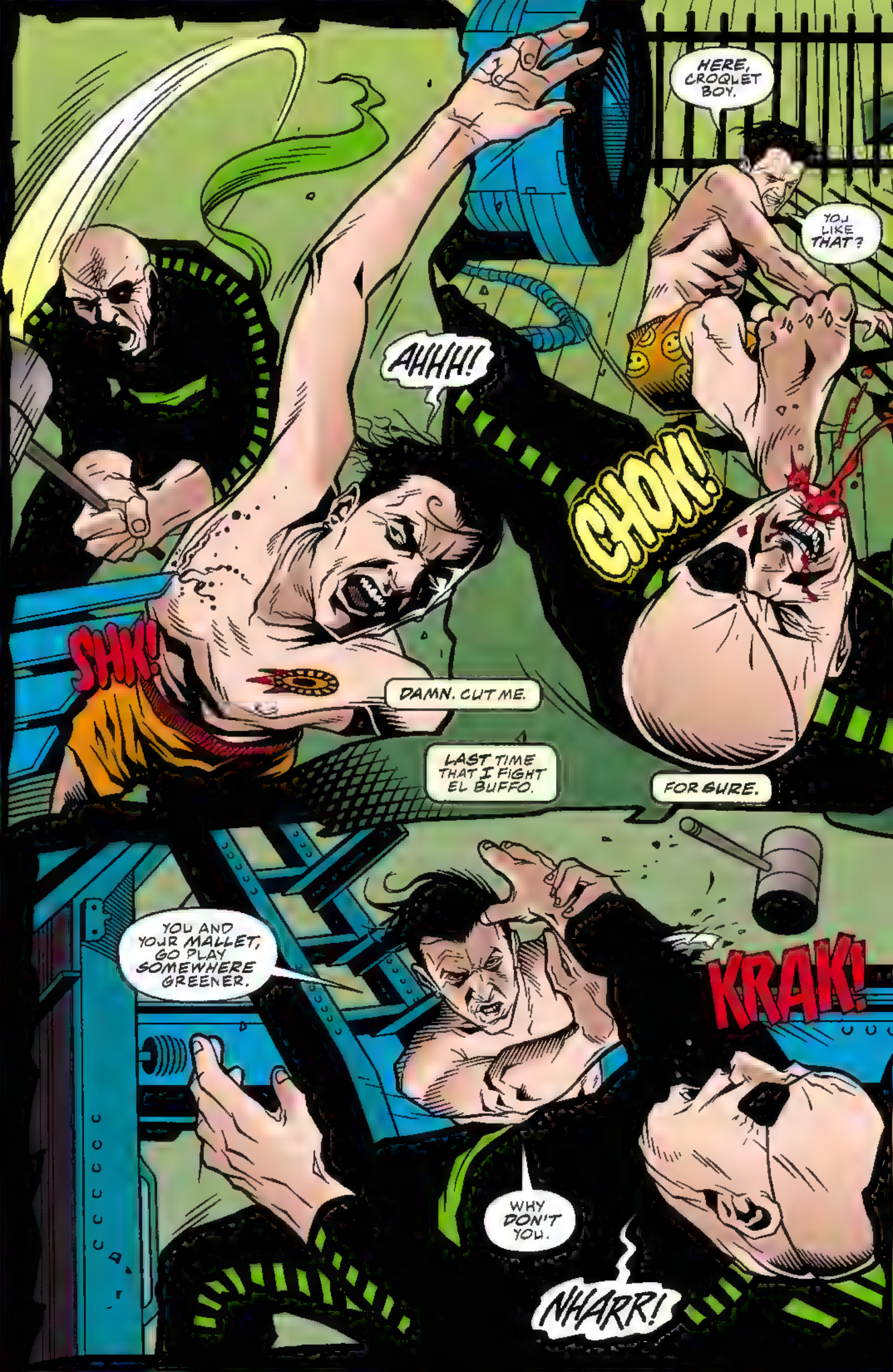
AT LEAST SHE DIDN'T  
START WITH MY GOGGLES  
OR MY SOCKS. THAT  
WOULD HAVE GOTTEN  
TOO KINKY.

EVEN FOR M--



WHHOAA.





HERE, CROQUET BOY.

YOU LIKE THAT?

AHHH!

CHOK!

SHK!

DAMN. CUT ME.

LAST TIME THAT I FIGHT EL BUFFO.

FOR SURE.

YOU AND YOUR MALLET, GO PLAY SOMEWHERE GREENER.

KRAK!

WHY DON'T YOU.

NHARR!

THAT'S  
IT.

GO TO  
SLEEP, LITTLE  
NEMO.

CRUNKK!

OW. GOD, THIS  
CUT IS A  
ZINGER. HURTS  
LIKE HELL. DAMN.

I'LL GET DAD  
TO BANDAGE  
IT PROPERLY  
WHEN--

OH. NO.

DAD. HADN'T  
THOUGHT.  
WHILE ALL  
THIS IS  
HAPPENING,  
HE COULD  
BE--

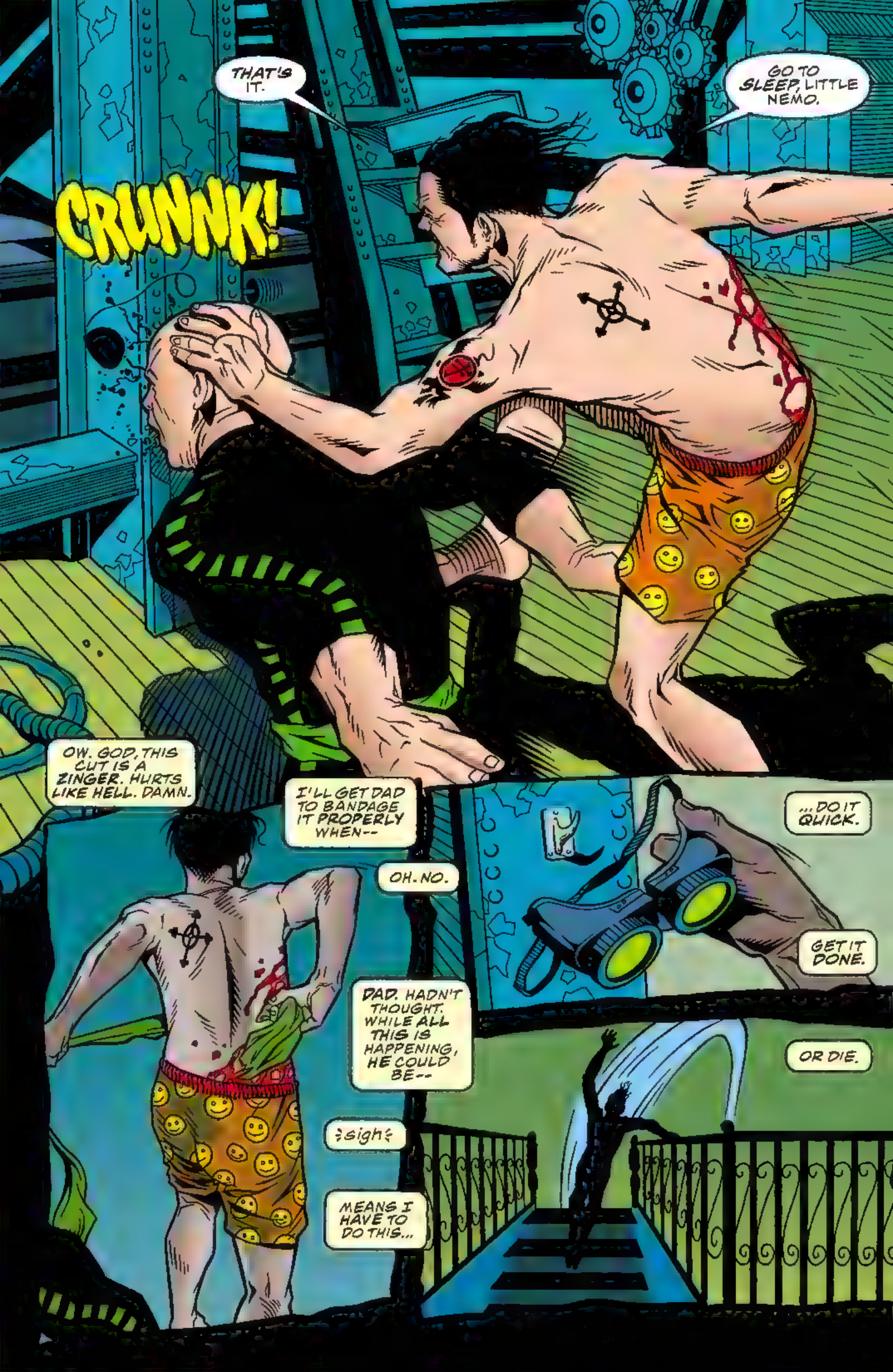
~sigh~

MEANS I  
HAVE TO  
DO THIS...

...DO IT  
QUICK.

GET IT  
DONE.

OR DIE.



WHAT I  
WILL DO...

...TRY TO  
DO, AT  
LEAST...

...IS CHANGE THE  
MAZE. PICK DOORS  
OF MY OWN TO GO  
THROUGH.

HERE'S WHERE  
NASH GOOFED.  
IN MY GOGGLES,  
A LOCK-PICK  
HIDDEN UP TOP.

COMBINE THAT  
WITH KNOWLEDGE  
FROM A MIS-  
SPENT YOUTH AND--

KNIGHT  
SHOULD  
BE HERE  
BY NOW.

START THE  
HUNT.

HE'S GOT  
TO BE HOLDING  
BACK DOWN  
ONE OF THESE  
PASSAGES.

MAN, GOTTA  
BOOGIE ON IT,  
TOO. THEY'RE  
CLOSE.

OUFF!

QUIET, NOW.

MAKE LIKE  
A MOUSE  
UNTIL...

COME  
ON!

HE'S  
GOTTA BE  
FURTHER  
DOWN!

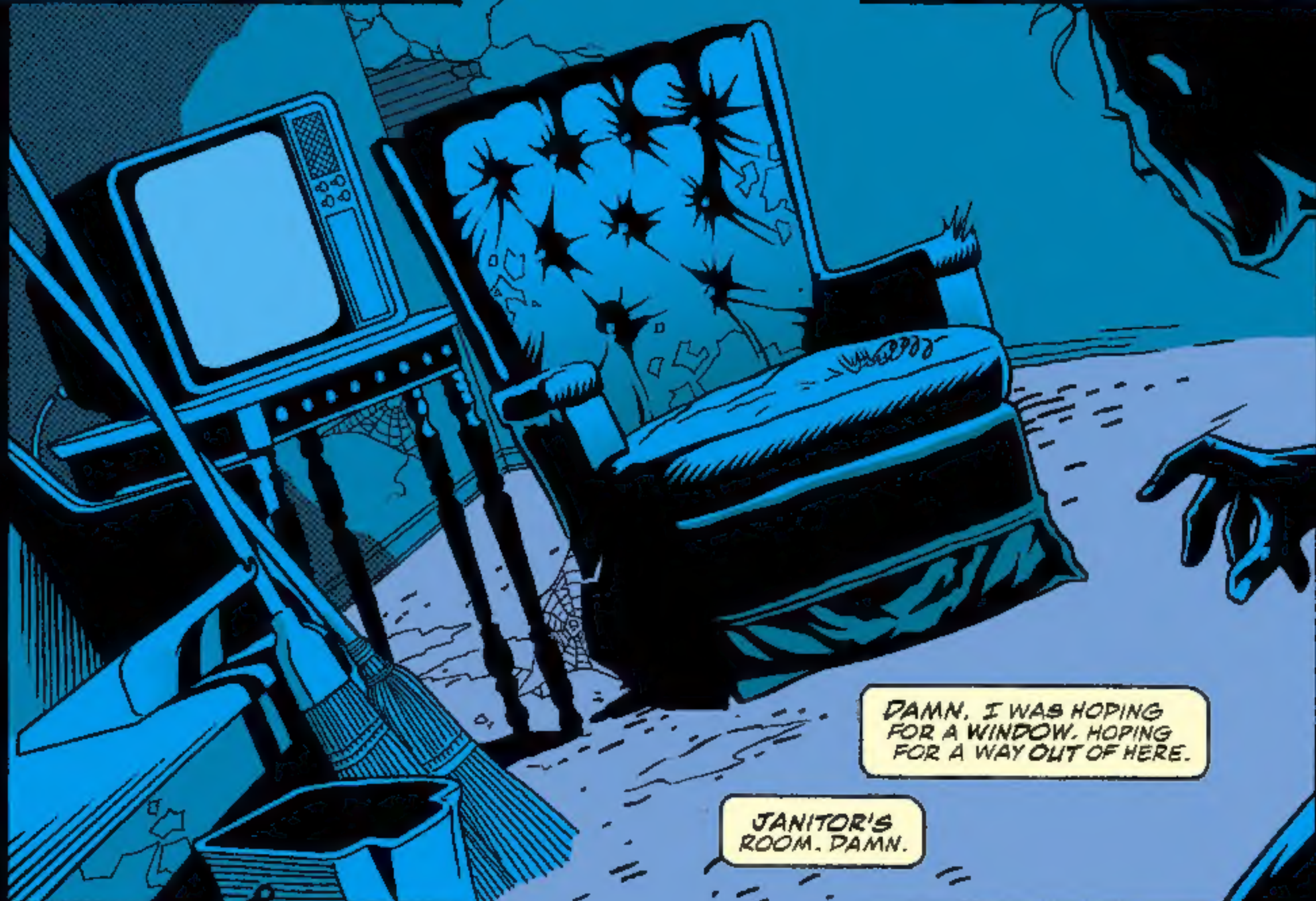
KEEP  
LOOKING!  
HE'S GOTTA  
BE HERE!

...THEY  
PASS.



NOW.

WHERE AM  
I? HOPE  
THAT I'M--



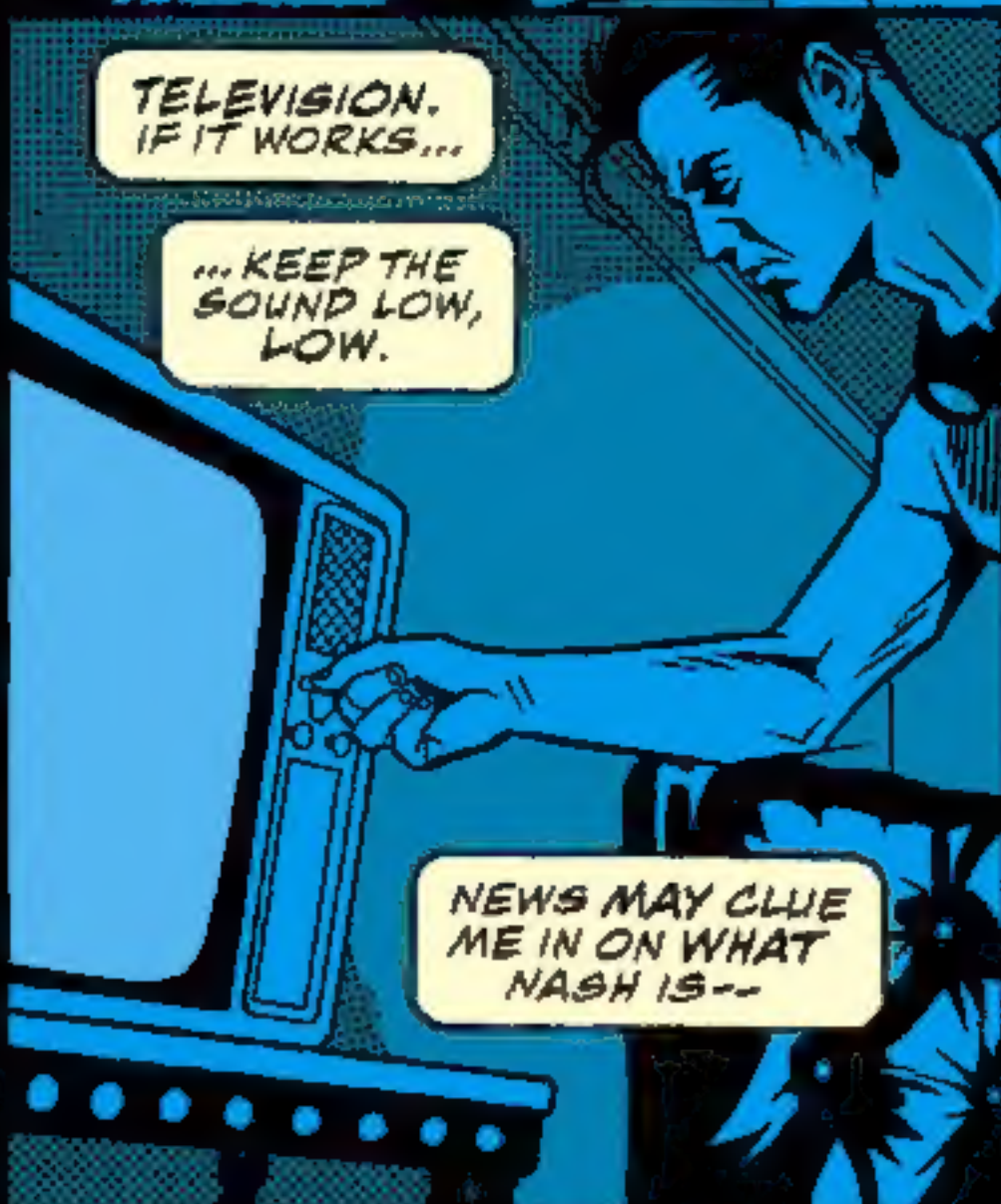
DAMN. I WAS HOPING  
FOR A WINDOW. HOPING  
FOR A WAY OUT OF HERE.

JANITOR'S  
ROOM. DAMN.

TELEVISION.  
IF IT WORKS...

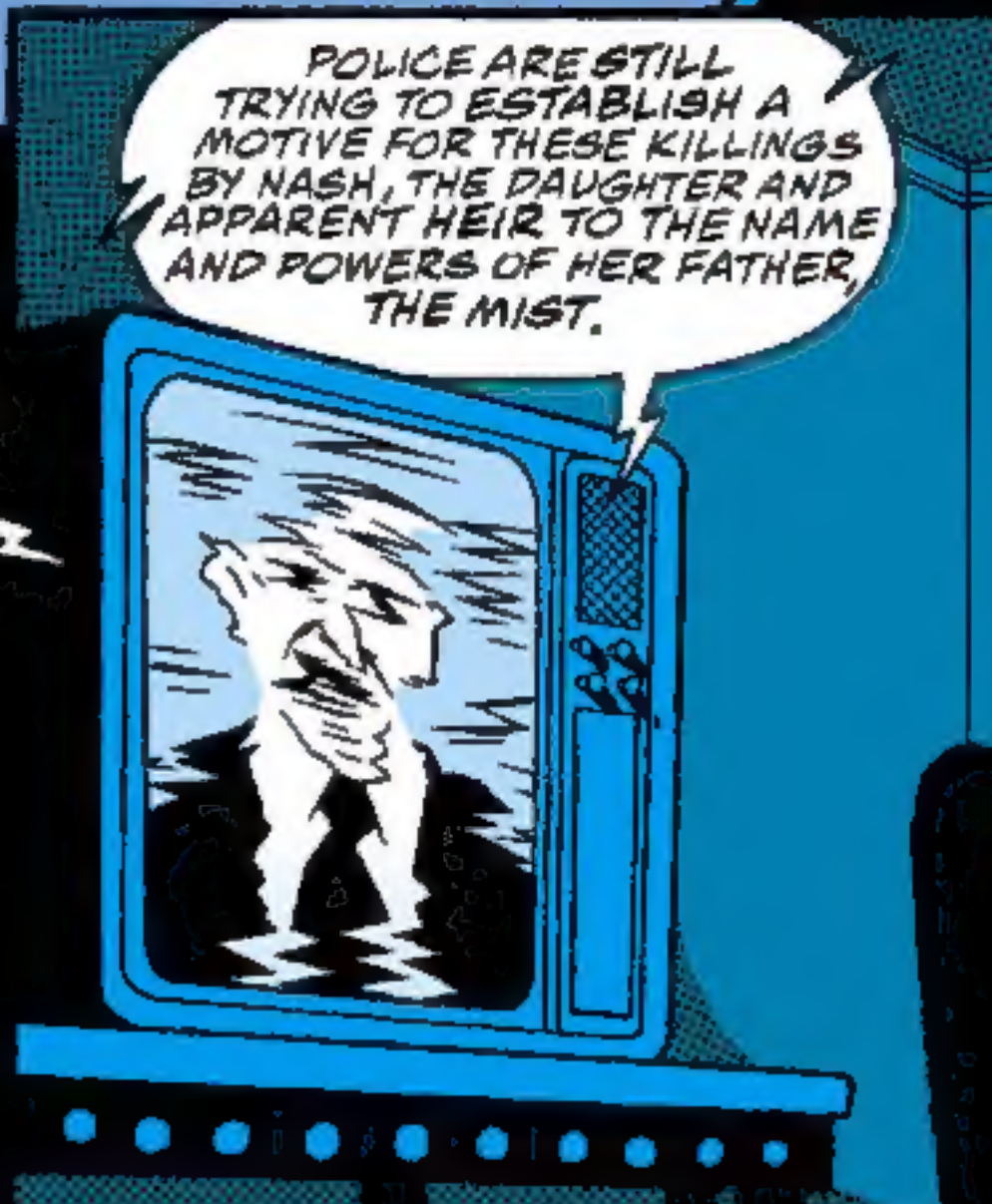
...KEEP THE  
SOUND LOW,  
LOW.

NEWS MAY CLUE  
ME IN ON WHAT  
NASH IS--



THE MURDERS  
NOW TOTAL SIX. ALL  
OLDER MEN, EXCEPT  
FOR MS. COLLINS, THE  
WITNESS WHO NASH  
KILLED WHILE LEAVING  
THE HOTEL WHERE SHE  
MURDERED BAILEY.

POLICE ARE STILL  
TRYING TO ESTABLISH A  
MOTIVE FOR THESE KILLINGS  
BY NASH, THE DAUGHTER AND  
APPARENT HEIR TO THE NAME  
AND POWERS OF HER FATHER,  
THE MIST.





IT'S STILL A MATTER OF SPECULATION WHETHER THESE ARE LINKED TO THE EXPLOSIVE BLAST THAT LEVELED THE TOP FLOOR OF THE CHANDLER BUILDING AT A LITTLE PAST 9:50 THIS EVENING.

OUR NEWSCOPTER, ALERTED BY THE BRIGHT LIGHTS THAT PRECEDED THE BLAST, CAUGHT THIS SPECTACULAR--



BRR  
BRR  
BRR

COME ON, DAD.  
COME ON AND--



BRR  
CLIK!

FINALLY.

HELLO, DAD.  
IT'S JACK.  
LISTEN--



TOO LATE,  
KNIGHT.

YOUR FATHER  
IS DEAD.

\* CALL JACK  
DINNER W  
MICHAEL



NO!

GOTTA  
GET--



JACKIE  
BOY.

JACKIE.

JACKIE.

JACKIE.

GOT ANY  
LAST WORDS  
TATTOOED ON  
YOU?

IF SO,  
YOU'D BETTER  
START USING  
THEM.

IT'S 10:02. P.M.

next  
ISSUE: Ted's  
Day

# Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT  
AWESOME  
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP